How Names Are Changed.

There was a curious transformation of names among the refugees who flocked to England after the revolution of the edict of Nantes. Many of the Huguenots translated their names into English, sometimes with a slight alteration of the sense. Boileau became Drinkwater; Delamere, Bythesea; Jolifemme, Prettyman; Loiseau, Bird; Lefevre, Smith; Dubois, Wood, and Sauvage, Savage or Wild.

Some names became so corrupted as to be unrecognizable. Chapuis became Shoppee; Beaufoy, Boffin, and Conde, Cundy. Similar havoc, though on a less extensive scale, has been played with English names in France. Mazarin's successor, Colbert, descended from an Englishman named Cuthbert, and the real name of the famous artist who decorated Versailles was not Le Brun, but Brown. And we may counter that with the Tolfers, who are the Taillefers of France.

Two Thrusts.

A certain congressman was deprecating in Washington an international "mariage de convenance."

"Two men were talking about this marriage cynically, but truthfully," he said. "The first man remarked:

"'Of course the earl won't be able to support Miss Lottie Golde in the style she's been accustomed to.'

"'Oh,' said the other, 'her father will make allowance for that.'"

The congressman gave a grim laugh and resumed:

"The first man looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he said:

"'Despite the stories about the earl's past, it does seem to me that he's Miss Golde's devoted slave.'

"'Oh, yes,' was the other man's reply; 'he's eager for the bonds, all right.'"—Washington Star.

He Knew.

A recent medical publication, particularly intended for undergraduates, contained various chapters—ethics, legal forms, economics, etc. That the book should be attractive several pictures were decided on, and a photographer was called in. In the course of the discussion as to subjects suitable many suggestions were made until they came to the chapter "The Mistakes In Medical Practice."

"That's dead easy," the camera artist said promptly. "I'll just go out and photograph a passing funeral."—Lippincott's.

Diplomatic.

Mrs. Wombat proceeded to use some very plain language.

Mr. Wombat objected.

"Ain't what I said true?" demanded Mrs. Wombat.

"Yes, but, woman, be more diplomatic. You talk as if you were abrogating a treaty."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Little Pitchers.

"Ma, does pa help to clean the streets?"

"What a question! Of course he doesn't!"

"But I heard him telling Mr. Jagg that he fell off the water wagon the other night."—Baltimore American.

Stage "Fire Dogs."

Here is an instance which, for simon pure stupidity, has rarely been equaled, writes Mary Shaw in the London Strand. A stage manager sent a list of properties to a small place ahead, naming, among other things, "dogs for the fireplace." When the company arrived, late in the afternoon, they found six or eight curs lashed up in the theater, barking and yelping and tugging at their chains. The stage manager, not knowing what these canines were there for, took no notice of them, but began going over his "props." With the property man at his elbow he ran down the list, asking what he could get and what he could not get. Presently he came to the item and asked, "What about the dogs?"

"Well," answered the man, pointing to the yelpers, "these were all I could get."

The stage manager for the first time realized what the curs were for, but he didn't want to give the local property man away before the others, so he very seriously and critically inspected the dogs and then said, shaking his head almost sadly:

"I'm afraid they aren't just the right kind. You had better send them back."

East Indian Acrobats.

The wandering acrobats of India, says a writer in the Wide World, are recruited from a low caste of people called "Dombaranos," who live by this profession alone. The children are trained from their earliest childhood and do not receive any education in schools. They travel from village to town and give their performances, which are really wonderful, in the open air before crowds of onlookers. Their tricks are quaint and sometimes astonishingly clever. Supported by one another, these men will balance themselves in a crazy kind of pyramid rising fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and one of their number will then climb this living pyramid with a heavy weight in his teeth. Babies not yet able to walk are often seen being made use of in the most dangerous manner during these performances. Rajahs and rich Indians are very fond of the acrobatic displays and engage the best of the men to perform before their guests at entertainments.

Charm of the Nutmeg Tree.

The nutmeg tree has all seasons for its own. Every day in the year it shows buds, blossoms and fruit in every stage of maturing. The shell of the nutmeg is like a bit of polished ebony, and the mace it exposes when it bursts is of a bright scarlet. With all these varied features upon it at the same time, the nutmeg tree is one of the most beautiful exhibitors of the odd and beautiful in vegetation that the world possesses.—Browning's Magazine.

No Fancy Shaves For Him.

The weather was warm, and Pat decided to shave on the back porch. Mrs. Casey, across the way, observed this.

"Pat," she called, "shure an' Oi see ye air shavin' outside."

"Begorra," he responded, "and did ye think Oi was fur lined?"—Judge.

Our Musical Nerves.

Everybody who has been to the dentist's knows only too well that the teeth have nerves connected with them. These nerves lead to certain knots of nerve tissue called ganglia, from which also proceed other nerves that pass to the auditory chambers of the ear. If you grind your teeth ever so slightly you will find that you hear the sound very distinctly. The vibrations caused by grinding are conveyed to the auditory chamber, where a series of pryamid cells of varying lengths are so arranged as to operate like keys of a piano. These cells, each of which responds to a particular note, are connected by nerve threads, like piano wires, with the main nerve of hearing—a complex and beautiful arrangement to which we owe our power to appreciate the exquisite harmonies of music.

Starved Himself to Death.

Hunger strike records were broken some years ago by a Frenchman named Granie, who was arrested for murder in circumstances which left no doubt as to his guilt. He determined to starve himself to death in order to escape the guillotine and from the day of his arrest refused to eat, in spite of every effort on the part of the prison authorities, who first tried tempting him to eat by placing the most dainty meals in his cell and when that failed attempted forcible feeding. Granie held out for sixty-three days, at the end of which time he died.

A Renewed Struggle.

"My old barber has left the city."

"You seem very regretful."

"Yes; he had been trying to sell me a bottle of hair tonic for the past fifteen years, and so far I had succeeded in standing him off. Now I shall have to start the battle all over with a new man."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Grave Danger.

"Madam, your pet Pekinese spaniel bit one of the children on the street in the face this morning."

"Good heavens, my poor little dog! I know none of the children about here have their faces antiseptically washed."—Baltimore American.

Scarce Strings.

Parke—Bildat is certainly tied to his wife's apron strings. Lane—Well, in these days he is lucky if he has a wife with apron strings.—Life.

Close.

Bess—Chollie is certainly a peach, but he won't give me an engagement ring. Jess—Perhaps he's a clingstone.—Boston Post.

The man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom, if ever, mistaken.

Just the Other Way.

Little Dolly—I haven't had a spanking all day. Uncle Henry—Been a good girl, eh? Little Dolly—Oh, it isn't that! Mamma has been perfectly angelic.—Philadelphia Record.

Beauty is a short lived tyranny.—Socrates.

The Old Painter.

An anecdote which Charles Francis Adams told years ago to the young Henry Cabot Lodge was retold by him in Scribner's. It was one of Gilbert Stuart and of Mr. Adams' grandfather.

Stuart painted a portrait of John Adams in extreme old age, when he was nearing his ninetieth year. It is a very fine portrait of the old man leaning on his cane. Charles Francis Adams, a boy of eighteen, used to keep his grandfather company during the sittings and watch the painter at work. He said that Stuart, who was old, too, and near the end of his career, was physically feeble. Both his hands shook violently. From a quivering palette he would take his color, and with his brush shaking and trembling he would touch the picture. Mr. Adams said it looked as if he might dash the paint on anywhere, but the brush always touched the portrait, extraordinary as it seemed, in exactly the right spot and in the right way. Despite his shaking hands and trembling fingers the old artist never made a mistake.

Bear Hunting In India.

Among the sports of India is the capturing of bears, and to this end curious means are sometimes devised. For example, four or five sturdy men are armed, two with long spears cross barred on the handles close to the sharp two edged blade, and two or three with ten foot bamboos, of which the ends are smeared with bird lime. These hunters sally forth with dogs before dawn. They pass along the base of the hills with the fresh morning wind blowing up the plains below. Should the hunters be lucky it is not long before the dogs wind the bear. The dogs are slipped and disappear in the semidarkness. Soon their roaring and growling indicate that they have found the game. The hunters run up to the spot where the bear is fighting with the dogs. The men with the limed poles poke the bear in the ribs and adroitly twist the ends in its long hair, thus holding it fast on each flank. The spearmen complete the operation by repeated spear thrusts.

Going the Limit.

Jones—If Mr. Oldboy makes any such assertion I will denounce him as a liar. President—Mr. Jones, I will call you to order. Our bylaws do not allow you to go that far. Jones—Then I call Mr. Oldboy a liar as far as it is permitted by the bylaws of this association.—London Telegraph.

The Other Side.

"You shouldn't be dissatisfied," said the optimist. "Look at all you have."

"Yes," assented the pessimist, "but look at all I haven't."—Judge.

Life's Stage.

Patience—Do you believe this life's a stage? Patrice—Sure, and all the women want to be leading ladies.—Yonkers Statesman.

The man of brains sees difficulties, surmounts or avoids them. The fool knows no difficulties.—La Bruyere.

Where the Dogs Work.

Life is a vastly different thing to the Alaskan dog from what it is to his more fortunate brother with us. He is the hardest working member of the community and the most important social and commercial factor in the frozen country, for without him travel and intercommunication would be impossible during a great part of the year. Almost every man in this country owns from one to five dogs. They are his constant companions, aiding him in nearly all his work. When a pup is three or four months old he is given a course of training in the harness. At the age of seven or eight months he must start in with light work and must understand and obey "whoa," "gee," "haw" and "march," which latter means "go on" and is commonly pronounced "mush" by all men driving dogs.—Country Life In America.

A Very Frank Lawyer.

Joseph W. Folk said that while governor of Missouri he received the following application from a young attorney for commutation of sentence of death from Pemiscott county:

"This was my first case as a lawyer, and I admit that I didn't know very much about defending a man for murder. I believe that if this negro had had a real lawyer to defend him he would have been acquitted. I don't believe you ought to let him hang for my ignorance."

Folk looked over the record in the case, thoroughly agreed with the lawyer regarding the manner in which the case had been handled and commuted the sentence.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Crude Cannon.

Of the early cannon, the larger ones were made by taking bars of iron and binding them together with hoops, leaving a hole in the middle. The shot consisted of scraps of iron and often small stones. If they got too much powder in the gun the barrel would explode, and there would be the deuce to pay. The enemy were not the only ones that were in danger in those days. The gunner took his life in his hand every time he applied a match to the touchhole. But, with all that, many battles in early times were decided by cannon.—Exchange.

Free Medical Advice.

Want some free medical advice? Here it is, from Dr. Strickland Goodall of London, and it is for business men who advertise and hence are busy, see? Thus: Devote one hour to each meal, avoiding all business talk. Have no fads in food. Be moderate. Probably the last is the key to the whole—"Be moderate."

Good, easy advice, don't you think?—Detroit Free Press.

All In a Line.

"He's my ideal and I'm his idol," said the girl.

"And your love affair?"

"Is an idyl."

"And your fiance?"

"Papa says he is idle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Picking a Pocket.

A youth from the country was paying his first visit to Manhattan and, accompanied by his uncle, a New York banker, went to the theater. While waiting in the lobby before the performance the country boy flung back his coat and with hands in his pockets displayed a heavy gold watch chain. The uncle observed the act and resolved to teach him a lesson. While his attention was diverted the uncle slipped the watch and chain from the boy's vest, and they entered the theater. "What time is it?" he asked when they were seated. The country youth felt for his timepiece and found that it was gone. Allowing him to make a thorough search for it, the uncle told him he had taken it and read him a sharp lecture. "You are not in the country now, you know, where you can display valuables with impunity. You should be more careful. Let this be a lesson to you." So saying, he slipped his hand into his coat pocket where he had put the watch. To his utter dismay, he found it was gone. And when he looked to see if his own was safe he found that also had taken wings.—New York Tribune.

Tea Drinking as an Art.

Hot China tea, neither too strong nor stewed, should be drunk slowly. Some people put a clove or two in their cup of hot tea. Sugar candy is often used instead of lump sugar, and there are sugar bonbons that dissolve quickly in tea and are popular.

Some hostesses have their own sugar lumps made with special coloring and flavoring to suit their individual tastes. There are balls of white fondant strongly flavored with lemon or orange juice; others pink, flavored with rose; violet, flavored with violets, and green balls that have a maraschino cherry inside.

Tea to be iced should be made rather stronger than for drinking hot. When it has infused seven minutes pour it from the leaves and sweeten to taste and then stand it in a refrigerator for seven hours. Serve in dainty glasses with a spoonful of vanilla cream on the top or else drop a small lemon water ice into the glass.—London Mail.

Beginning Early.

"Yes, sir," said the proud young father, "that baby of ours is going to be a successful politician. He'll be a great vote getter before he's of age."

"Why, he can't talk yet!"

"No, but he has started right in, trying to kick and shake hands at the same time."—Washington Star.

Positively Uncanny.

"There's something very queer about that woman," said the clerk. "I don't know what to make of her."

"Why?" the floorwalker asked.

"She was satisfied with the first piece of goods I showed her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Long Suit.

Bacon—How long have we been married, dear?

Mrs. Bacon—Three years, love.

"Is that all? I thought I'd been wearing this suit longer than that, dear."—Yonkers Statesman.